which the problem was solved:
"Why don't you open the house?"
That question occupied Boston, and the answer was: "We will soon." There was a fear of going overboard in that late season. Every day since the grand dinmers were served, the auxiety in regard to opening the hotel increased, the fear growing gradually less every day. On the 16th of October Mr. Stetson was busy drilling, and wondering why the doors could not be flung wide open. In obedience to orders visitors of all sorts-were researched. were refused admission, the time having been occupied with curious people. At 12 o clock a trunk was flung down on the floor of the rotunds. The owner was in-formed that he could not be allowed to remain. "You must go somewhere else." The fat porter looked grimly at the intruder, then at the officer with a quiet wrinkle on his face, but the order was peremptory and did not allow entertainment. So the visitor begged to be permitted to wait until gested after his long ride. When rested he would take up his baggage and seek a place to tarry at. His manner, and inviting words, rather wen the attention of the officer, and secured finally the privilege of going to a room to "wash and dress". That, done, "Then, if you have a cook, why can't an old lawyer like myself get something to eas?" A repast followed, after which he came to the from of the office, paid the bill, and wondered why the doors were shut to travel. He looked at the wine list, and after running it over, So the visitor begged to at the wine list, and after running it over, maid." How much of this splendid en-umeration have you sold?" None, yet. The house is not open." "Well, sir, take a memorandum from the half bot-tle of poster to the end of the summing up, even to Montevus at \$12 per bottle It was done "Charge it to me!" don't know you, sir. "Well, where your book of arrivalse" "Here." I dipped his pen into the ink and wrote; "Nathaniel Scarle, Providence, R. I." The officer had heard of the lawyer, and thought the incident encouraging for the proprietor. Mr. Seatle them said: "Lat me sleep here to night." "Yet, yes," said Stetson, and theo calling for Abbot, the head porter, gave the order, "Fling the doors epen; we begin business now."

Society in Parliament.

Another incidental feature of the House, which immediately strikes an Aucrican, is the number of dress suits scattered over the room-the men who have been to dinner or are going for "society" here is always distinctly represessed in Parliament. I suppose we resented in Parliament. I suppose we migh say that in our country it is not only expresented in Congress, but positively scaled and disfranchised. Here, howeve, politics are really fashionable. Under the English system not only has "the individual" a certain representation, but alwall that he has been able to add to himself of moral or intellectual worth or eve infaterial wealth. The American general in politics, on the American geneman in politics, on the contarry, has one the same quality and force as the American blackguard—one wote. The American scholar in politics has only the same unlity and force as the American millionaid a politics has only the same quality and yee as the American millionaid a politics has only the same quality and yee as the American millionaid and yee as ican communist—one 'ye.

The bottom reason we the American

The bottom reason we the American gentleman, the American scholar, the American property holds does not go into politics, and is so uniff mently seen in Washington, is because education, cultivation and property as a hare not represented in our suffrage seems and there is no constituency, the ore, to

there is no constituency, the line and send these men. We represent by the "individual," and, consequently a rule, "individuals" are sent to Washing.

The dress-coats, I may say conclution this paragraph, are this year mainly the government side, although the M quis of Hartington, the leader of the oposition, frequently addresses the House in full dinner costume. Still, liberalism in some way seems to used strongly to sack costs and felt hats and ready made clothing.

Anecdote of Judge Cleary.

Some years ago I had a case to argue before the eccentric Judge Cleary, of Kentucky. While waiting for my case to come up. I distend to the trial of a Bravery rudian, who was accused of steal-ling two nules. He had been caught riding one and leading the other, and though both the animals here their real owner's brands, he swere that they had tsea tosted on his farm and raised by him. Every point of evidence was against him, but he swore he was innocent with enough oaths to scare an over-land teamster. The jury rendered a

land teamster. The jury rendered a vertice of guilty without leaving their seats. Judge Cleary asked him:

"Have you anything to say why judgment should not in pronounced on you."

"Yes, I have."

"I am innocent, and I hope God may atrike me dead if I am not!" The Judge paused a moment. Then

Living With Nature.

Robert Ingersoll says there is quiet about the life of a farmer, and a hope of serenc old age that no business or profession can promise. A professional man is doomed sometimes to feel that his powers are waning. He is doomed to see younger and stronger men pass him in the race for life. He looks forward to an old are of intellegtual mediocrity. He will be last where once he was first. But the farmer goes as it were, into parinership with nature—he lives with trees and flowers—he breathes the sweet air of the Code. There is he of the fields. There is to constant frightful strain upon the mind. His nights are filled with sleep and rest. He watches his flocks and herds as they feed upon the green and hilly slopes. He hears the pleasant rain fall upon the waving corn, and the trees he planted in his youth rustle above him as he plants others for the children yet to be.

HORACE GREELEY.

Some New Amerdotes of the Great Editor.

I was just going through the door which led into the big back room of the Tribine office one day, when slap-bang! I collided with somebody. And that was not the worst of it. The somebody alluded to stepped upon my foot and almost ground into sausage-ment a part of that member which contained upon its surface a particularly violent and aggrewive corn. It was an agenizing mo-ment, and in pain which fairly doubled ment, and in pain which fairly doubled me up for an instant, I—yes, damned roughly, and in good set terms, as W. Shakspeare would observe. When I straightened up, you may imagine my horror to see that the person I had been anathematizing was none other than Mr. Greeley. I could have sunk through the floor with mortification, and I stood there waiting in a sort of dazed way for the volley of profanity which I felt sure would come. But it didn't. The old gentleman settled him self back, adjusted his spectacles on his nose, and with a broad grin upon his face, addressed me

"That's right, bub. If it hurts you, swear like h-ll: I would!"

Then he paused a moment, and con-

tinued: 'Human nature is human nature, bub; and if it does you any good, just d-n me again! There's nothing like it! Balm of Gilead is nowhere." And he patted me on the head and

passed on.

One winter Mrs. Greeley went to the
West Indies for her health, and the following spring she sent for her husband
to come after her and bring her home to New York. Now if there was one thing the old man hated it was the sea. The very smell of salt water made him sick. But nevertheless he obeyed his wife's call, as he was accustomed to obey her every whim. In due time they got back to Gotham, and that morning Mr. Sin-clair received word that Greeley was not feeling well, owing to his voyage, and had decided to stay at home for the day, In the evening Sinclair was going to Washington on business, and so, valiso in hand, he called at Greeley's house an hour or two before the train was to start. He found the old man in bed and actually very ill, having suffered terribly from sea-sickness all the way out and all the way back. He was alone, the other members of the family being either ill or away from home; and so Sinclair determined to pass the night with him, giving up for that time his trip to the Capital. Presently Greeley wanted his back rubbed; and the imprompts nurse was surprised to find that the patient hadn't a statch of clothing on his person, barring the sheefs and quilts.

"Sinclair," said he in that querulous whinte of his, "I'm as naked as the day I was born. My trunks haven't arrived yet, and I haven't got a d-n night

"But why not wear this?" pointing to a garment he had taken off before get-

"Oh, I expect to be out to-morrow and I want that to wear then. How the blazes would it look after I had slept in

Well, in due time his baggage arrived, and Sinclair made a bolt for the arricle he wanted. After some runninging he found it, and helped the old man put it on. It was speedly fastened at the neck and the nurse took up one of the wrists and tried to button it. There, however, he stuck fast. The ends wouldn't meet by fully two inches. He tugged and twisted to his utmost, but it was no go. Still, as the patient said nothing, he sup-posed it ought to be fastened, and reloubled his efforts for that purpose, For about twenty minutes he labored without success. Then he said: "This is a failure. It won't fasten."

"No," replied Greeley with exasperating coolness. "I knew it wouldn't. The

A Typical Western Ontlaw.

h was er, the Cherokee desperado, who was test down and killed near Musstood the Indian Territory, recently, outlawa his blood was of white skin, though Cherokee tall, strain on the claimed tall, strain on an arrow, and of stout like a flock of sheep, out intildren, Two men who resisted were sproads. the heart. A few days ago kees and two white men caugh laws in ambuscade. Scorput-Mason escaped, the twelve riffind ing for Barker's benefit. Barker's offered resistance with the onld that was uninjured, the left leb right leg and both arms were broke all three limbs were ampufated shipsfore his death. Triplet crawle through a corn field, but limping the house of his mother at Vinita or

A Przirie Fire.

Next to calamitics like that the home steader's wife told of, the great besetting fear of the settlers on the border-in al the new and thinly peopled portions of Kanass, in fact—is the coming of the autumn prairie fire, which so frequenty antunn prairie fire, which so frequenty meanaces their stacks and cribs, ther helpless stock, their stables and cabin, and even their lives. Were it not fir its known danger and power of havor, this tempest and scourge of fire wou'd be a spectacle of commanding force and beauty. First, you will catch a glimpse of what you take to be gray wisps of have away off on the horizon, and a the haze away off on the horizon; and watch-ing, you will see these vagrant particles deepen gradually, and gather into a co-finite volume of smoke, black like a rain-cloud, and bronze about the edges. Then the strange, somber bulk water forward across the prairie, and you lold your breath at the sight of the ripid progress of it. (A mile in two minutes is not an exceptional rate of speed for a fire once fairly under way.) It halls an instant, you note, over a broad scale where there is standing water; but it is for an instant only. The next moment it reaches the upland again and the dry grass; and directly it grasps a bet of tall, thick blue-stem, and the flame caps suddenly and madly out above the smoke, then subsides again, and the black mass grows blacker than eve, and rolls higher and higher, and yos can black mass grows blacker than ever and rolls higher and higher, and yot can seen the burning grass, and bur the distant roar of the fire—an aw roar, resembling the sound of artilly in heavy timber. And it is so called immediately around you that you do not so much as miss the ticking or your ratch in your pocket; there is no breath of air stirring and the sun is shirring and the stirring, and the sun is shiring, and the heavens above you are blue and placid. But the stillness will be troken soon. The oncoming cloud is only a few miles away now, and you can easily trace the scarlet and terrific energy at its base; the smoke begins to hurt your eyes, too, and the heat becomes heavily oppressive. And then, all at once, the wind smites and staggers you, that appalling roar deafens you, and the sun is blotted out, and you are in a darkness as of a mid-night without moon or star. It is an experience of but a dozen seconds or so, this sudden plunge into darkness, though it seems an hour, and when you look out again, you find that the fire has passed you a mile or more to your right, and still rolling desperately operand; and rolling desperately onward; there in its track are charmed and mold-ering stacks of hay, and an occasional house aflame and tottering to its fall, and a group of men and boys beating back the outer line of the fire with brush and old clothes, and sending forward little counter-fires to meet it and if possible to keep it at a safe distance. The creek may stop it and smother it when it geta there, though such a hope has mere chance for a warrant; sometimes these mighty conflagrations vault across streams twenty or thirly yards in width, so swift and resistless is the momentum; and as a rule they are effectually stayed only when they reach a wide extent of plowed land, and have to yield, sullenly, for lack of anything more to feed their inexorable fury.

The Dreary Dark Ages.

The fathers of the printing trade accepted a grave responsibility in exciting a world that was intellectually tranquit.

To us, looking back upon the want of the light, those so-called "dark ages" seem sufficiently dreary. In the intervals of those active occupations shich are scarcely suited to our quieter modern tastes—feuds, fighting, fig-raising, rapine, rapes, etc.—it appear to us that time must have dragged along very heavily. In reality, to the mass of those who knew no better, those times of uni-versal ignorance and torpidity must have been at least negatively agreeable. With fact is, I never could button the infernal thing myself. But you seemed to enjoy it, so I didn't disturb you."

He lay back on the pillows for a few moments, as if thinking deeply, and the rare exception of some solitary stuwear and tear of the mental fibers, and, consequently, there were none of those painful brain and nerve diseases that fill our asylums, and are transmitted by descent. So the stomach had a similar immunity from strain, and the unim paired digestion was never trouble abstrase thought or far-fetched anxie-ties—which, by the way, was a most beneficent provision of Providence, when we remember the mediaval cuisins, and the habits of feasting among the rich and idle. What passed for thought with society generally was the mechanical action of a languid brain working in the narrowest circles of its immediate interest and cares. Concern with a future state was the special care of clery; the church had settled the dogmas which the devour had only to revive. It is tall, strain and person and of stout frame. The eight years of crime (for his 11 beight years of crime (for his 12 beight years) full of it from the Lawis for his boots on and wish also beight year. His for the laws of the So imperfers are the laws of the Condition of the noblemen or county squire, unable to read or to write, who groups in the profoundest mental darks need to read or to write, who groups in the profoundest mental darks need to read or to write, who groups in the profoundest mental darks need to read or to write, who groups in the profoundest mental darks need to read or to write, who groups in the profoundest mental darks need to read or to write, who groups in the condition of the polemen or county to remain the condition of the polemen or county to remain the condition of the polemen or co guests grew excited over the encrosch-ment of some neighbor on the rights of free-forestry, the latest deed of audacity of the nearest band of outlaws, a mid on the draws of suitable. of the heavest band of outlaws, a mid on the droves of swine, or a murrain in the herds of cattle. Men were forced to drink hard and long after supper, since there was nothing else to be done, and so the heavy brains became slowly sod-den, and still more insensible to intel lectual stimutants.

The pedometer may become a terror bushands, when all the ladies find out following day, laid down at her feet the success of a shrewd Boston wife, who sietly attached one of these teli-tales to husband when he started to "go husband when he started to "go Etgar masked robbers stopped a train to the office and post up the in the West the other day. As the trains "On his return she discovered in the West the other day. As the trains he had done fifteen miles of walk-contained an excursion of editors, the baround a billiard table. He "lost" only loss was a loss of time to the robbers.

A Visit to a Japanese House.

When you go to a Japanese house, there is no bell to ring, no knocker on the door, and no person to receive you; you sing aloud, "I ask to be heard" when a servant opens the door and bows down to the floor, and then listens to you. You tall the servant what you want, and she leads you into the house. There are no chairs to sit on, nor are there any atools or sofas, but you sit on the floor with your limbs doubled up under you at the selfor with under you as the tailors sit. I forgot to ander you as the tastors sat. I lorget to tell you that you have to take off your boots or shoes before entering. After you sit down, the servant brings you a pipe and some tobacco to smoke, also ten and cake, and tells you that the master is busy and cannot see you immediately. After awhile the master comes in and you make a profound bow to each other. He then asks you to his study, which is well furnished. On one side is a door which swings on hinges, or can be pushed back to the right or left. The walls are not white, but either gray or brown, the same as the ceiling, which is low and made of wood. In the corner of the room is a rack, covered with a silk spread. Pictures hang on the wall, but they are not framed but trimmed with hear its merry, careless short ringout agent the they are not framed but trimmed with silk and fancy paper, which can be rolled up and put away. The study fronts on the garden, and you can inhale the fragrance of flowers. There is no partition between the study and the garden, except sashes filled with transparent paper, which appears most beautiful at night; but in case of a storm they have a canvas which they draw over this and make it secure. Then the master introduces you to his wife. He does not call her Mrs., but simply says she is my wife. She is dressed splendidly. Her hair is arranged in something the same way as tea and cake. She will ask you if you are married, how many children you have, etc. The American ladies are just as inquisitive. By her side sits daughter and son on the floor, without cushions. The young lady is dressed very much like her mother, and if you ask her to play, she will get an instrument something like a guitar, and play and sing. Her brother never gives his parents any trouble, and never asks any questions.

Snow-Skates.

A writer in Land and Water describer the snow-skates used by the Lapps and the Finns of Finmark, covers the ground for half the year. He

"The form of snow-skates varies in the different districts of the North; they are long, narrow, thin pieces of wood or bark, the foremost ends of which are

pointed and curved upwards.

"They are fastened to the feet at about the middle of their length. In some districts the lengths of the skates for the right and left feet are the same, being about from five to seven feet; in other districts the skate for the left foot, which a usually made of fire-wood, is about from nine to eleven inches long, whilst that for the right foot, which is usually made of some tougher wood, is about from six to seven feet.

"Some skates are grooved for the purpose of assisting the skater to glide in a straight course by preventing sideways-alipping. The undersides of some skates are partly, or wholly, covered with rein-deer or scalakin, the hairs, pointing healwards.

"This is for the purpose of assisting the skater in his diagonal up-hill travel-ing, by preventing him from slipping backwards; in other movements the skin impedes the skater.

Skins are used chiefly in Nordland and adjacent parts. Snow-skaters are coated with pitch or tar. A pair may weigh from ten to fifteen pounds.
"Over-shoes, with turned-up toes, and with seams lengthways over the feet, and

gaiters, are worn by snow-skates to pro-tect their feet and legs from the snow. "The over-shoes also serve to keep the et from being chafed by the skate-

fastening. These are wooden hoops, into which the foot is put, and which press against the instep, and the fibres of fir-roots or leathern thougs for binding. "Snow-skaters carry a skating-staff, which is about seven feet long, is rather more than an inch in diameter, and is shod at one end with an iron spike, near above which is a disc of wood."

A Onickened Conscience.

The murder of the Morris family seems likely to remain a mystery, unless the murderer, prompted by remorse, shall some day reveal it. A man in England recently gave himself up as the murderer of a woman in Essex while the family was away at church, Sunday, June 21 1857. For twenty-two years he has wandered over the world, having been in every county in England, and sailed to various parts of the globe is far as India. He did this, too, in the face of \$500 re-ward offered for his selection and of his notoriety for horse-stealing, for which crime he had just served a term in prison. He feels happier since his surrender. All of which goes to prove that murder may, rather than will, "out."

Greatness.
The neted of some scholars, like Swift and Gibbon and Donne, that they swift and different and frome, that they pretended to vices which they had not, so much did they hate hypocrisy. William Blake, the artist frankly says. "I never knew a bid man in whom there was not smething very good." Bret Harte has pleased himself with noting and recording the sudden virtue blazing in the wild reprobates of the ranches and mines of California. Men are ennobled by morals and intellect; but these two elements know each other until at last they meet in the last the last they meet in the last the man, if he is to be traly great, w

A LITTLE four years old who gathers her ideas of harmony from the street musicians lifted her great wondering musicians lifted her great wondering eyes to her mother the other day and asked: "Does angels all have harps?"
"I think they do," was the reply. "Doesn't any little girl angels have to pass the hat?" "Why, no, my dear; why do ask such foolish questions?" "Recause if I can't have a harp I dan't want to be an angel. I shouldn't feel good enough to pass the hat up to God." enough to pass the hat up to God."

"BROWNIE."

In Reply to Will Cariston's " Dead Student."

Your letter tells me Brown is dead - "Old Brownie!" The bore gone to his long account? Hell tidlings, Sed, to use.

I love the tellow, brother like: a stoken friend was the fee.

The lot to leave one in a juryle—the first to dark and the fee.

And I can scarce imagine as I real cour letter, Ted. That shroaded, coffined, sepalitated, "vid Revenie's" lying dead. 'The just two years ago to-day we parted he and for He held my hand and laboring spakes: "See them you, Jack! Good-by!
I'll meet you in the steam to come when I, Far you, have won.
The proud distinction of a name—when college days.
He told me of the hopes he rack, the high amicalous dream."

That shed around his life their bright, but too delu-sire beams,

He were a picture next his heart. Ahe Ted! that Comes up before my vision now in all its pictures The daughter of the Scient are decade where The daughter of the Scient are decade divinely fair.

"She's waiting—she has waited long for me"—he often said.

God help the pour young heart whose dreams rest now where lies the deed.

make it secure. Then the master introduces you to his wife. He does not call
her Mrs., but simply says she is my wife.
She is dressed splendidly. Her hair is
arranged in something the same way as
the American lady dresses hers. She
naks you to sit in a high seat and orders
tea and cake. She will ask you if you

That faithful, carnest heart is stiffed? that we shall not know here
Again the chap of that strong head in friendship wars and dear;
Age! can it be that life once bright with hopes effulis lost to aspirations high and Love's sublitions.

Thursin the mornelide of Thins in the morn-tide of success, in mankoods waken-ing years.

Hope's brilliant sun oft sets beyond a rising mist of

Yet, my fancy cannot picture as I read your letter, Ted, Our contrabe shrouded, radioed—"Old Brownie" lying feed. -Quincy Modern Argo.

Let Them Alone. Never try to rob any one of his good opinion of himself. It is the most cruel thing you can do. Moreover, it is by no means doing what you would be done by. Crush a woman's self-esteem, and by. Crush a woman's self-esteem, and you make her cross-grained and snappish. Do the same to a man, and you only make him morose. You may mean to create a sweet, humble creatare, but you'll never do it. The people who think best of themselves are apt to be best. Women grow pretty in believing they are so, and fine qualities often crop out after one has been told she has them. It only gratifies a momentary spite to force only gratifies a momentary spite to force your own unfavorable opinion of him deep into another's mind. It never did any good. Ah! if this world, full of ugly people, and awkward people, of ailly people, and vain people, knew their own deficiencies, what a sitting in sackcloth and ashes we should have? The greatest of all things that a man can greatest of all things that a man can possess is a satisfactory identity. If that which be calls "I" pleases him, it is well with him; otherwise, he is niterly wretched. Let your fellow-beings alone; hold no truthful mirrors before their eyes, unless with a pure intention to up eyes, unless with a pure intention to uproot sin. So may a mirror without a
flaw never be prepared for you. In those
things which we can not help, may we
ever be blind to our own short-comings.
We are neither ugly, nor awkward, nor
uninteresting to ourselves, if we do not
know it. A fool may have the wisdom
of Solomon in his own conceit. Lot him
he and the path to the grave will be be, and the path to the grave will be easier for him to tread; you will be worse, he no better. Leave every man as much self-esteem as his conscience will allow him to cherish. It may be a pleasure to enlighten people as to their faults of mind and person, but it is certainly not a duty.

Prices at Leadville.

The cost of living at Leadville, says a correspondent of the Chicago Inter-Ocean, is now much less than it was six months and a year ago. Very good accommoda-tions may be had at the second-class hotels for \$10 per week, while many of the restaurants furnish a fair meal for twenty-five cents. If persons are disposed to economize, they can rent a com-fortable log cabin, or a small frame house, at from \$5 to \$10 per month, and either board at private boarding houses or take their meals at restaurants. Men say that they live here quite comfortably in that they live here quite comfortably

that they live here quite comfortably in this way at from \$4 to \$5 per week.

To give an idea of the cost of some of the commodities here, I will mention the following: Biding pony, saddle and bridle, \$3 per day; hay, \$60 to \$70 per ton now—two weeks since it was going at \$120 per ton; cabbage, turnips, beets, potatoes, etc., five cents per pound at jobbing prices, and at retnil from six and a half to seven cents; flour retnils at \$5 per hundred rounds; lumber, native, at a ball to seven cents; hour retails at \$5 per hundred pounds; lumber, native, at \$25 per thousand, and Obleage at \$60; corn and outs, at from three to three and a half cents per pound. Rents are very high. Small store-rooms in frame buildings run at not less than \$300 per month, offices at from \$50 to \$100, while and a half cents per pound. Rents are very high. Small store-rooms in frame buildings run at not less than \$300 per month, offices at from \$50 to \$100, while the Theater Consique, occupying a comparatively small buildings on State street, pays a monthly rental of \$1,300. Business lots range very high. The owner of a lot corner of State and Harrison avenues is almost daily importanted to take \$5,500 for it, but persistently declines, while a day or two since a onetake \$5,500 for it, but persistently declines, while a day or two singe a one-half interest in a lot on Harrison avenue, near Chestnut street, sold for \$10,000. Residence lots are yet comparatively cheap, speculation in them not having commenced to any great cases.

Kisses.—Two cups of sugar, three eggs, butter the sire of an egg, one cup of sour cream, a traspoonful each of soda and cream-tarta, a little salt and nutmeg drop it on tina, and aprintle sagar on before baking.

STANTA MURDER.

Consession of the Tool of a Gang Who Mur dered an Old Man to Secure the

(Harrishtte Pa.) Cor. Chicago Thorn.)
Charles Drews, aged about 60 years,
who was employed to kill Joseph Raber
at Indiantowa gap, Lebanon county, has
confessed his connection with the marder. Five men had an insurance on
Raber's life of \$10,000, and they promised Drews \$1,500 to put him out of the way. The murderer, in his confession, "I went to Brandt last summer, and

we sat on the porch. He sreated me to beer, and both felt its effects. He said

we could make money, and he told me how. I said I would consider it. Finally I saked if he was alone. He replied there were three others with him. He meationed Hummel and Wise, and I said I did not know them. We then meationed frummel and Wise, and I said I did not know them. He then offered to bring them up. I saw them, but I only knew Wise; from heybood up I knew him. I then agreed; and they insured Raber. I said it was a hard thing to kill Raber. He said they could make meney. When they again met, Brandt said there were five interested. Hummel also spoke about it.
Wise came and saked whether I was to
kill Raber. I toki him I was not cerkill Raber. I toki him I was not cer-tain: He urged no to go ahead, and said they would shoot me if I didn't. I proraised, but I never intended to do it, as the insurance had all been effect-ed. Brandt afterward said they had a plan ready, and if I did not kill him they would shoot me, and to save my life I promised. A week or two after-ward Wise said that I should not do it, so far as he was concerned, as he said he did not like the job. Thirk it was on the same day he said I had to kill he did not like the job. Think it was on the same day he said I had to kill Raber. I then asked Frank Stichler to do it because I could not. Stichler said he did not care. He could kill anyone, but he bargained that I should go along, which I promised, but declared I would not touch Raber. Then Raber came to my house, and we went off together with Stichler. I was first, Raber was in the middle, with Stichler following. I went over the plank and Raber get on it. Stichler got Raber by the legs, thraw him in and jumped on top of him.; Raber fell below the plank. I then went back to the fence. It was first intended back to the fence. It was first intended to drown Raber in the dam. Brandt had planned that Raber was to go fish-ing at Kitzmiller's to catch fish for ing at Kitzmiller's to catch fish for Brandt and wife, and then I was to drown him. We went, and Peters went with us. When I saw the dam I could not do it, and said we would return, when Raber replied, 'yes, it was too cold, anyhow.' I pitied him. The drowning at the plank afterward was also the plan of Brandt's. Brandt had promised me \$300, and that others should get the same. He promised Stichler nothing. I had tried to coak Elijah Stichler, but he would not go with me. I said to he would not go with me. I said to Frank that I would give him \$300 after I was paid. When it was done they tried to swindle me out of all and kill me. This was planned behind the shed at Brandt's. This they told me in jail, When they asked me to go via Ranks-town I thought they wanted to kill me then. Brandt always urged me in jail to keep quiet about this matter, as they hoped to get clear. I did not see the conspirators so very often about the matter. I engaged Frank Stickler to do the jobs after Kitzmiller splan failed. I did not go into the water. After the drowning Stichler walked up to my house and went to Brandt. I did not see the old man's struggles. The plank was made wet by the splash when Raber fell. Brandt had Raber insured in another company, to kill him, but the company failed, and with it the plan. Brandt told me what to say before the Coroner's inquest. It was part of the general plan. Brandt often urged me while in jail not to confess. He called at my cell to-day for that purpose. I am afraid of him, but not of the others. If you hang me you will hang an inno-

Poor Show for Brains.

The eminent essavist and philosopher, Ralph Emerson, we have heard it said, earns by his pen and brains perhaps \$30 or \$50 a week, but the negro minstrel actor, Billy Emerson, gets a weekly salary of \$500 for his comical absurdities and his songs and dances. Why then, when a man can make a fortune in one why, in the name of Mammon and Plutus and all the gods and devils of the money worshipers, should a men with any sort of understanding, or rather, anything to stand on, hope to make a living, much less to get rich, by adopting letters as a profession? Let the success of the professional pedestrians and the jig dancers wern than against the foolish hope of making money by brain-work. If he persists after this, then let him take the consequences.

Freaks of Lightning.

A singular accident occurred at Bethlebem, Ind., hist Sablath. Rev. C. E. Walker and L. C. Taylor rode into the churchyard and hitched their horses unsteeple, also, was only a few steps away.

Zigraffe -A Decayed American Industry.

Before the advent of cheap cotton the production and manufacture of flax were important industries in this coun-

In 1810, when the population of the country was but little more than 7,000,country was but little more than 7,000,000, there were produced in the United States over 21,000,000 yards of flazen cloth made in families. At the present time, whom the parulation of the country is believed to be 50,000,000, the total annual production of flax and linen fabrics is probably not over 5,000,000. Sanatoga is gradually gaining on Niagara as a reset for bridal parties. It really looks as if Niagara would soon be left entirely to the indians and the hack drivers, who have killed it for the rest of the world.

At the present time, when the population of the country is believed to be 50,000,000, the total annual production of flax and linen fabrics is probably not over 5,000,000 yards, and not a yard of fine linen is rest of the world.